

RESPECTING OUR BETTERS

the kid from the other college tells me,
"we can't ask so-and-so
to read at the such-and-such bookstore.
they don't guarantee any money up front,
and most of the people who read there
are heavily under the influence of bukowski.
it would be an insult to so-and-so.
so-and-so is a quality poet.
it's imperative that we promote only duality poets
and that we treat them in a big-time way."

this friday i'm reading sans guarantee,
at the such-and-such bookstore.

COCKATIEL

we'd only had the bird a week
when i saw a cat sneak in the door.
i leapt out of bed, flapping the comforter
and hissing, "shoo, cat!"

of course the bird went flying out the door.
my wife screamed, "fifty bucks!"
and took off after it.
she brought it down at the curb
with a flying tackle.

the cat was enjoying the show.

WILL YOU PLEASE TURN OFF THAT OTHER GUY'S POEM AND
LISTEN TO MINE!

on those rare occasions
when my wife and i are speaking to each other
and consequently not paying full attention
to our baby daughter,

she simply interrupts us
with a shout of "me!"

it's the most honest of all exclamations,
and what most utterances, infant or adult,
boil down to anyway.